

though we may already have a foretaste of that time when He will be all in all, and we shall look back with pity and wonder upon ourselves as we are now, so prone to be drawn away from the eternal good by the perishable things of earth.

Until the rest of Paradise there can be no perfect rest of absolute obedience, and we shall have need through every hour of our imperfect lives to repeat to ourselves that brief but all-comprehensive saying, "No man can serve two masters." And can we be so blind, so miserably blind, to our own good as to choose as our master him whose wages are death, rather than Him in whose right hand are pleasures for evermore, and whose gift is Life Eternal?

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SAFETY.

ONE'S safety often depends on one's location. But to decide as to the place where it may be found requires more than a surface-judging; it is not to be settled by outside appearances. A fresh illustration of this is given in the fact that several refugees from Alexandria were engulfed in the recent earthquake at Casamicciola, on the Island of Ischia, in the Bay of Naples. They had fled for their lives from an imminent danger. They lost their lives in a place of fancied security. It is not for us to say that they were wrong in leaving Alexandria and in seeking a refuge in Casamicciola. But it is for us to learn anew, that we cannot always be sure of safety by a change of location. An old army commander was accustomed to say, as

he saw a younger officer dodge his head at the whistle of a bullet—

"You foolish fellow, you'll dodge right in the way of a bullet."

And there was a suggestion of great truth in that pungent comment. If you have a duty to do, stand fast to it, without fear or flinching. There is no safer place in the world than the place of duty. Alexandria, in the hour of the massacre, or in the days of cholera, is a better place, a safer place, for the man whose plain duty is there at that time, than Casamicciola could be, for him. Any place where duty is, is a safe place for one to stand—or to fall. Any place outside of the place of duty is a place of danger—in the safest time.—*S. S. Time.*

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"Praise ye the Lord."

"The Lord's name be praised.

—*Common Prayer.*

The sacred services of the Prayer Book are a blessing to the Church for which we can never be sufficiently thankful. They are a hallowed inheritance from our spiritual mother, the Church of England, wisely preserved to us by our immediate forefathers during the past century—preserved to us amid many difficulties, and much of prejudice and opposition, during the first half of this century.

Is there any other religious service offered on earth, so holy in spirit, so humble and devout in prayer, so glorious in thanksgiving so rich in the Holy Scriptures, so free on one hand from the evils of a miserable irreverence, and on the other hand from the painful perversions of superstition?

Blessed devotions indeed are these when offered with humility